

THE SWORD OF THE LORD

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

EDITED BY JOHN R. RICE

Office 512 West Franklin Street, Wheaton, Illinois

An Independent Religious Weekly, Standing for the Verbal Inspiration of the Bible, the Deity of Christ, His Blood Atonement, Salvation by Faith, New Testament Soul Winning and the Premillennial Return of Christ. Opposes Sin, Modernism, and Denominational Overlordship

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FOLLOWING DAD TO HELL

BY DR. GEORGE W. TRUETT OF DALLAS, TEXAS
IN THE BOOK, "A QUEST FOR SOULS"

I would rather be nailed up in my coffin, strong and well as I am this Sunday night, and buried alive, than to live a life that would damn somebody else. Human influence is that serious and that terrible.

I was preaching in a series of meetings in one of our cities some time ago, and I noticed a young fellow for three or four consecutive evenings, far down the hall before me, a lad, I should say, of some sixteen years. When I asked, "Are there people tonight interested in being saved? Will they lift the hand or stand?" This lad for three or four evenings made response without any delay. Then another evening came, and there he was, but he made no response, and indeed seemed indifferent. Then the next meeting came, and I looked for him, and I found him at last, but far to the rear of the hall—evidently indifferent, deliberately indifferent. I could read it in his face. And when the service was concluded that night I hurried around, if haply I might find the young fellow, to have a word with him, and fortunately I found him, and took him aside, so that I could have a word alone. I said to him, "I have seen you in the audience, and my heart has been strangely drawn to you. For two or three evenings you indicated that you wished to be a Christian, and now for these past two evenings you have said by your face and conduct that you are indifferent to such matter. Pray tell me what has happened." Then he looked up into my face, and plaintively said, "I think I had rather not tell you. I was interested," he went on to say, "I was deeply concerned by what you said. I did tell you that I desired to be a Christian, and I meant it, but I have reached a different conclusion. I think I had rather not tell you why." I said, "My lad, I should not like to take any advantage of you at all. I would not for my right arm wittingly take an advantage of any man or woman who comes to hear me preach. I would not like to be impertinent, but I should like to know what has come to turn you away from facing that open gate to the heavenly world and to the better life. Something has come.

I should like to know what it is, that I may help you." Then he said, "Very well, I will tell you. My father is Dr. So-and-So. My father never goes to church. I never knew of his being at church in all my life. I have decided to follow my father, and not follow you at all. My father is to me the most splendid man in the world—just what a boy ought to think about his father, if possible. "My father," said the boy, "is my model man. He is the cleverest man I know, and the strongest man I know, and I have made my choice, and I am going to follow my father, and I am not going to follow you. Father says by his example that the Christian religion is not worth-while. I am going to say it, too, as long as my father says it. That has changed my course," said the handsome lad.

Oh, wasn't it pitiable, even heart-breaking? I said some other things to him, and among them I said, "Come on to the services, and I will do my best to help you yet, and I will do my best to help your honored father, and I want to think about it through the night." My sleep was troubled, the whole night through, about that unusual case, but when the morning came my mind was made up: "I shall go to see the father and introduce myself to him, and cast myself upon God for wisdom to have some words with that father, about what is involved." And when the morning came I made my way to his office, and fortunately found him alone. I was the first to arrive. When I introduced myself to him and found that he was the man I was seeking, he turned upon me with beaming, searching face, and said, "Certainly you have not come for yourself. You are evidently not a sick man." I said, "I have not come for myself at all. I have come to have a word with you about your own boy." And then he was all alert in his attention, and he said, "Do you know my boy?" I said, "Slightly." Then he said "Isn't he a fine boy?" I said, "I should say that I never saw a finer one. My heart is drawn out to him profoundly, and I have come just to have a frank word with you about

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The World's Bible

Christ has no hands but our hands
To do His work today;
He has no feet but our feet
To lead men in His way;
He has no tongue but our tongue
To tell man how He died;
He has no help but our help
To bring them to His side.

We are the only Bible
The careless world will read;
We are the sinner's gospel,
We are the scoffer's creed;
We are the Lord's last message,
Given in deed and word;
What if the type is crooked?
What if the print is blurred?
What if our hands are busy
With other work than His?
What if our feet are walking
Where sin's allurements is?
What if our tongues are speaking
Of things His lips would spurn?
How can we hope to help Him
And hasten His return?

—Annie Johnson Flint

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"GET ON THE WATER WAGON"

Greatly Used Boozie Sermon By the Famous Evangelist. Continued From Last Week

BY THE LATE REV. WM. A. (BILLY) SUNDAY

(Last week Mr. Sunday told how a man pawned his dead baby's shoes for ten cents to get a dime for a drink. Read on from here.—Editor)

ALWAYS A LAW VIOLATOR

There is no law, divine or human, that the saloon respects. Lincoln said, "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong." I say if the saloon, with its train of disease, crime and misery is not wrong, then nothing on earth is wrong. If the fight is to be won we need men—men that will fight—the church, Catholic and Protestant, must fight it or run away, and thank God she will not run away, but fight to the last ditch.

Who works the hardest for his money, the saloon man or you?

Who has the most money Sunday morning, the saloon man or you?

The saloon comes as near being a rat hole for a wage earner to dump his wages in as anything you can find. The only interest it pays is red eyes and foul breath, and the loss of your health. You go in with money and you come out with empty pockets. You go in with character and you come out ruined. You go in with a good position and you lose it. You lose your position in the bank, or in the cab of the locomotive. And it pays nothing back but disease and damnation and gives an extra dividend in delirium tremens and a free pass to hell. And then it will let your wife be buried in the potter's field, and your children go to the asylum, and yet you walk out and say that the saloon is a good institution, when it is the dirtiest thing on earth. It hasn't one leg to stand on and has nothing to commend it to a decent man or woman.

"But," you say, "we will regulate it by high license." Regulate what by high license? You might as well try and regulate a powder

mill in hell. Do you want to pay taxes in boys or dirty money? A man that will sell out to that dirty business I have no use for. See how absurd their arguments are. If you drink Bourbon in a saloon that pays \$1,000 a year license, will it eat your stomach less than if you drink it in a saloon that pays \$500 license? Is it going to have any different effect on you, whether the gang pays \$500 or \$1,000 license? No. It will make no difference whether you drink it over a mahogany counter or a pine counter—it will have the same effect on you; it will damp you. So there is no use talking about it.

Shut Off Source of Supply

In some insane asylums, do you know what they do? When they want to test some patient to see whether he has recovered his reason, they have a room with a faucet in it, and a cement floor, and they give the patient a mop and tell him to mop up the floor. And

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Meditations After Easter

BY EVANGELIST JOHN R. RICE

1. "In the End of the Sabbath, As It Began To Dawn Toward the First Day of the Week, Came Mary Magdalene and the Other Mary To See the Sepulchre."

—Matthew 28:1

"In the end of the sabbath," or as Dr. Scofield's note explains, "literally end of the sabbaths."

When Jesus rose from the dead it was the end of many things.

1. It was the end of the sabbath, that is, of the Jewish sabbath. The Jewish sabbath was law. "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work." The Jewish sabbath properly followed a perfect week of service, without sin. It pictured how one would be saved by his own righteousness, without blood—that is, if any were righteous. But everybody failed! "There is none righteous, no, not one." So we do not earn Heaven by our works, and we do not now have a sabbath, the seventh day picturing Heaven earned by a human lifetime (six is the highest human number) of good works. Instead, we enter in to rest the first day by trusting in Christ, then work because we are already saved. "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God" (Heb. 4:9). And again: "For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works," that is, has entered into a sabbath-keeping, into a heavenly rest, by faith in Christ. When Je-

sus died and rose again it was the end of the ceremonial law, and with that the sabbath-keeping of the Old Testament. New Testament Christians are never commanded to keep the sabbath, Saturday, the seventh day. In that sabbath a man would be stoned for picking up fuel (Num. 15:32-36). On the sabbath one was forbidden to even have a fire in the house (Exo. 35:3). On the sabbath one could not even move out of his house, even to worship, but must stay at home and rest (Exo. 16:29). But now, after "the end of the sabbath" we are expressly commanded: "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holyday, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath days; which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ" (Col. 2:14-17).

It is the end of atonement. Jesus said on the cross, "It is finished." The way of salvation is finished. No one needs to pay anything more. All is paid! It is finished. The resurrected Saviour is proof that one may be saved freely, by simply trusting the finished work of Christ.

3. It is the end of sacrifices, for "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins" (Heb. 10:26). The Lamb of God has died! Therefore kill no more lambs! Bring no more young bullocks to the altar! Do not wring the heads from turtle

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Blessings Received

Dear Rev. J. R. Rice:

Will you please send me your free booklet, 32 pages, *Can A Saved Person Ever Be Lost?* I sure have gotten my eyes open since I have read about that topic in *The Sword*. I used to think sometimes I could get lost as a Christian, but now I have such a sweet peace in my heart. The reason I want this booklet is because I want to help others to have that peace that I have with my Lord. I am an invalid and that security I have in the Lord keeps me more cheerful even when I suffer terrible pains because I know I have that security in Him that some day this vile body of mine shall be fashioned like unto His glorious body when He comes to take me home.

Your *Sword* has sure been a com-

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"Get On the Water Wagon"

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if he has sense enough to turn off the faucet and mop up the floor, they will parole him, but should he let the faucet run, they know that he is crazy.

Well, that is what you are trying to do. You are trying to mop it up with taxes, and insane asylums, and jails, and Keeley cures, and reformatories. The only thing to do is to shut off the source of supply.

A man was delivering a temperance address at a fair grounds and a fellow came up to him and said, "Are you the fellow that gave a talk on temperance?"

"Yes."

Well, I think that the managers did a dirty piece of business to let you give a lecture on temperance. You have hurt my business, and my business is a legal one."

"You are right there," said the lecturer, "they did do a mean trick. I would complain to the officers." And he took up a premium list and said, "By the way, I see there is a premium of so much offered for the best horse, and cow, and butter. What business are you in?"

"Saloon Is A Coward"

"I'm in the liquor business."

"Well, I don't see that they offer any premium for your business. You ought to go down and compel them to offer a premium for your business, and they ought to offer on the list \$25 for the best wrecked home, \$15 for the best bloated bum that you can show, and \$10 for the finest specimen of a broken-hearted wife, and they ought to give \$5 for the finest specimen of thieves and gamblers you can trot out. You can bring out the finest looking criminals. If you have something that is good, trot it out. You ought to come in competition with the farmer, with his stock, and the fancy work and the canned fruit."

As Dr. Clinton Howard said, "I tell you that the saloon is a coward. It hides itself behind stained glass doors, and opaque windows, and sneaks its customers in at a blind door, and it keeps a sentinel to guard the door from the officers of the law, and it marks its wares with false bills of lading, and offers to ship green goods to you and marks them with the name of wholesome articles of food, so people won't know what is being sent to you."

The liquor demon strikes in the night. It fights under cover of darkness and assassinates the characters that it cannot damn. It attacks defenseless womanhood and childhood. The saloon is a coward. It is a thief, it is not an ordinary court defender that steals your money, but it robs you of manhood and leaves you in rags and takes away your friends, and it robs your family. It impoverishes your children and it brings insanity and suicide. It will take the shirt off your back and it will steal the coffin from a dead child and yank the last crust of bread out of the hand of the starving child; it will take the last bucket of coal out of your cellar, and the last cent out of your pocket, and will send you home bleary-eyed and staggering to your wife and children. It will steal the milk from the breast of the mother and leave her with nothing with which to feed her infant. It will take the virtue from your daughter. It is the dirtiest, most low-down, damnable business that ever crawled out of the pit of Hell.

"Saloon Is A Liar"

It is an infidel. It has no faith in God; has no religion. It would close every church in the land. It would hang its beer signs on the abandoned altars. It respects the thief and it esteems the blasphemer. It fills the prisons and the peni-

tentiaries. It despises Heaven, hates love, scorns virtue. It tempts the passions. Its music is the song of a siren. Its sermons are a collection of lewd, vile stories. It wraps a mantle about the hope of this world and that to come. Its tables are full of the vilest literature. It is the moral clearing house for rot, and damnation, and poverty and insanity.

The saloon is a liar. It promises good cheer and sends sorrow. It promises health and causes disease. It promises prosperity and sends adversity. It promises happiness and sends misery. Yes, it sends the husband home with a lie on his lips to his wife; and the boy home with a lie on his lips to his mother; and it causes the employee to lie to his employer. It degrades. It is God's worst enemy and the devil's best friend. Seventy-five per cent of impurity comes from the grogshop. It spares neither youth nor old age. It is waiting with a dirty blanket for the baby to crawl into this world. It lies in wait for the unborn.

It cocks the highwayman's pistol. It puts the rope in the hands of the mob. It is the anarchist of the world and its dirty red flag is dyed with the blood of women and children. Yes, it is a murderer. Every plot that was ever hatched against our flag and every anarchist plot against the government and law, was born and bred, and crawled out of the grogshop to damn this country.

I tell you that the curse of God Almighty is on the saloon. Legislatures are legislating against it. Decent society is barring it out. The fraternal brotherhoods are knocking it out. The Masons and the Odd Fellows, and the Knights of Pythias, and the A. O. U. W., are closing their doors to the whiskey sellers. They don't want you wriggling your carcass in their lodges. Yes, sir, I tell you, the curse of God is on it.

There they go, look at them! Every year millions of our young men enter the grogshops and begin a public career hellward. I will let that frightful grist grind for one year and on December 31, I will ring the bell and raise the curtain and say to the saloons, "On the first day of January I gave you the brain, brawl and young manhood of our land; you have had them one year. What have you to show for their twelve months in your keeping? I want them back and have come in the name of father, mother, sister, sweetheart, home, God and native land. Give me back what you have had. March out!"

I count them and many thousands have become muttering, bleary-eyed drunkards.

Personal Liberty Argument

What is that music I hear? A funeral dirge. Yonder goes a funeral procession: thousands upon thousands of men dead from the effects of drink each year. One man leaps from a train; another will plunge into a river; another will throw his hands to his head and cry mother, and his life will go out like a burnt match.

Do you know of any fellow who died young because he did not drink? Did you know of any fellow who killed his wife because he drank too much coffee? The saloon is a murder mill and a poison factory. The only difference between a high-toned saloon and a low-down saloon is one smells bad and the other stinks.

In these days when the question of saloon or no saloon is at the fore in almost every community, one hears a good deal about what is called "personal liberty." These are fine, large, mouth-filling words and they certainly do sound first-rate; but when you get right down and analyze them in the light of common old horse sense, you will discover that in their application to the present controversy they mean just about this: "Personal Liberty" is for the man who, if he has the inclination and the price, can stand up to a bar and fill his hide so full of red liquor that he is transformed for the time into an irresponsible, dangerous, evil-smelling brute. But "personal liberty" is not for his patient, long-suffering wife, who has to endure with what fortitude she may his blows and curses; nor is it for his children who, if they escape his insane rage, are yet robbed of every known joy

and privilege of childhood, and too often grow up neglected, uncared for and vicious as the result of their surroundings and the example before them; "personal liberty" is not for the sober, industrious citizen who, from the proceeds of honest toil and orderly living, has to pay, willingly or not, the tax bills which pile up as the direct result of drunkenness, disorder, and poverty, the items of which are written in the records of every police court and poorhouse in the land; nor is "personal liberty" for the good woman who goes abroad in the town only at the risk of being shot down by some drink-crazed creature. This rant about "personal liberty" as an argument has no leg to stand upon.

Count the Rum Criminals

I stand in front of the jails and penitentiaries and count the whiskey-made criminals. One says, "Yes, Bill, I fired the gun." Another says, "Yes, I killed my wife." Another says, "Yes, I murdered my friend, I am waiting for the rope or the electric chair." And it goes on, an endless procession. Let me summon the wifehood, and the motherhood, and the childhood and see the tears rain down the upturned faces. I tell you, tears are too weak for that hellish business; tears are only brackish tide water that well up at the bidding of some occult power.

There are hundreds of thousands of whiskey orphans in the United States; enough in the world to belt this globe three times around, punctured at every fifth point by a drunkard's widow.

Like Hamilcar of old, who swore young Hannibal to eternal enmity against Rome, so I propose to perpetuate this feud against the liquor traffic, until the white-winged dove of temperance builds her nest on the dome of the Capitol at Washington and spreads her wings of peace, sobriety and joy over our land and we can stand a free and sober nation and sing, "My Country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing."

Saloons Hurt Legitimate Trade

As my friend Alex Cairns says, "We are getting wise to the con game of the four-flushing rummies." It gives you bats in your belfry, floating giblets, and inflammation of the gizzard, and ingrowing coffin nails. The booze hates the trade union. Nobody ever heard of "Union-made whiskey." Even a drinking bartender can't find a job. The railroads and steel mills and the manufacturers say, "No job for you, if you rush the growler."

I hold a silver dollar in my hand. Come on, we are going to a saloon. We will go into a saloon and spend that dollar for a quart. It takes twenty cents to make a gallon of whiskey and a dollar to buy a quart. You say to the saloon-keeper, "Give me a quart." I will show you, if you wait a minute, how she is burned up. Here I am John, an old drunken bum with a wife and six kids. Come on, I will go down to a saloon and throw down my dollar. It costs twenty cents to make a gallon of whiskey. A nickel will make a quart. My dollar will buy a quart of booze. Who gets the nickel? The farmer, for corn or apples. Who gets the ninety-five cents? The United States Government, the big distillers, the big corporations. I am John, a drunken bum, and I will spend my dollar. I have worked a week and got my pay. I go into a grog-shop and throw down my dollar. The saloon-keeper gets my dollar and I get a quart of booze. Come home with me. I stagger, and reel, and spew into my wife's presence and she says: "Hello, John, what did you bring home?"

"A quart."

What will a quart do? It will burn up my happiness and fill my home with squalor and want. So there is the dollar. The saloon-keeper has it. Here is my quart. I have that. There you get the whiskey end of it. Here you get the workingman's home end of the saloon.

But come on; I will go to a store and spend the dollar for a pair of shoes. I want them for my son, and he puts them on his feet, and with the shoes to protect his feet, he goes out and earns another dollar, and my dollar becomes a silver thread in the woof and warp of happiness and joy, and the man that owns the building gets some,

and the clerk that sold the shoes gets some, and the merchant and the traveling man and the wholesale house gets some, and the factory, and the man that made the shoes, and the man that tanned the hide, and the butcher that bought the calf, and the farmer that raised the calf, and the little colored fellow that shined the shoes, and my dollar spread itself and nobody is made worse for spending the money.

I join the Booster Club for business and prosperity. A man said, "I will tell you what is the matter with the country, it's over-production." You lie; it is under-consumption.

Say, wife, the bread that ought to be in your stomach to satisfy the cravings of hunger, is down yonder in the grocery store, and your husband hasn't money enough to carry it home. The meat that ought to satisfy your hunger hangs in the butcher shop. Your husband hasn't money to buy it. The cloth for a dress is lying on a shelf in the store, but your husband hasn't the money to buy it. The whiskey gang has his money.

What is the matter with our country? I would like to do like this. I would like to see every booze-fighter get on the water wagon. I would like to summon all the drunkards in America and say, "Boys, let's cut her out and spend the money for flour, meat, and calico; what do you say?" Say!

Come on; I'm going to line up the drunkards. Everybody fall in. Come on, ready, forward march; right, left, here I come with all the drunkards. We will line up in front of a butcher shop. The butcher says, "What do you want, a piece of neck?"

"No, how much do I owe you?"

"Three dollars."

"Here's your dough. Now give me a porter-house steak and a sirloin roast."

"Where did you get all that money?"

"Went to hear Bill and climbed on the water wagon."

"Hello! What do you want?"

"Beefsteak."

"What do you want?"

"Beefsteak."

We empty the shop and the butcher runs to the telephone. Hey, central, give me the slaughter house. Have you got any beef, pork and mutton?"

Merchants Profit By Dry Era

They strip the slaughter house and then telephone to Swift, and Armour, and Cudahy, to send down trainloads of beefsteaks.

"What's the matter?"

"The whole bunch has gotten on the water wagon!"

And the big packers in Chicago say to their salesmen: "Buy beef, pork and mutton."

The farmers see the price of cattle and sheep jump up to three times their value. Let me take the money you dump into the whiskey hole and buy beefsteaks with it. I will show you what is the matter with America. I think the liquor business is the dirtiest, rottenest business this side of Hell.

Come on; are you ready? Fall in! We line up in front of a grocery store.

"What do you want?"

"Why, I want flour."

"What do you want?"

"Flour."

"What do you want?"

"Flour. Yes, ship in trainloads of flour; send on the fast mail schedule, with an engine in front, one behind and a Mogul in the middle."

"What's the matter?"

"Why, the workingmen have stopped spending their money for booze, and have begun to buy flour."

The big mills tell their men to buy wheat and the farmers see the price jump to over \$2.00 per bushel. What's the matter with the country? Why, the whiskey gang has your money and you have an empty stomach, and yet you will walk up and vote for the dirty business.

Come on, cut out the booze, boys. Get on the water wagon; get on for the sake of your wife and babies, and hit the booze a blow.

Come on, ready, forward march! Right, left, halt! We are in front of a dry goods store.

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"Calico; all right, come on."

The stores are stripped.

Wet Church Members

Hey, Marshall Field, Sears-Roe-buck, Montgomery-Ward, send down calico. The whole bunch has voted out the saloons and we have such a demand for calico, we don't know what to do. And the big stores telegraph to Fall River to ship calico, and the factories telegraph to buy cotton, and they tell their salesmen to buy cotton, and the cotton plantation man sees cotton jump up to \$150 a bale.

What is the matter? Your children are going naked and the whiskey gang has your money. That's what's that matter with you. Don't listen to those old whiskey-soaked politicians who say "stand pat for the saloon."

Come with me. Now, remember, we have the whole bunch of booze fighters on the water wagon, and I'm going home now. Over here I was John, the drunken bum. The whiskey gang got my dollar and I got a quart. Over here I am John on the water wagon. The merchant got my dollar and I have his meat, flour, and calico, and I'm going home now. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home without booze."

Wife comes out and says, "Hello, John, what have you got?"

"Two porterhouse steaks, Sally."

"What's that bundle, Pa?"

"Cloth to make you a new dress, sis. Your mother had fixed your old one so often, it looks like a crazy quilt."

"And what have you there?"

"That's a pair of shoes for you, Tom; and here is some cloth to make you a pair of pants. Your mother has patched the old ones so often they look like the map of the United States."

"What's the matter with the country? We have been dumping the money into the whiskey hole that ought to have been spent for flour, beef, and calico, and we haven't that hole filled up yet."

A man comes along and says,

"Are you a drunkard?"

"Yes, I'm a drunkard."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to Hell!"

"Why?"

"Because the Good Book says, 'No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God,' so I am going to Hell."

Another man comes along and I say, "Are you a church member?"

"Yes, I am a church member."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to Heaven."

"Did you vote for the saloon?"

"Yes!"

"Then you should go to Hell."

Say, if the man that drinks the whiskey goes to Hell, the man that votes for the saloon that sold the whiskey to him will go to Hell. If the man that drinks the whiskey goes to Hell, and the man that sold the whiskey to the men that drank it goes to Heaven, then that poor drunkard will have the right to stand on the brink of eternal damnation and put his arms around the pillar of justice, shake his fist in the face of the Almighty, and say, "Unjust! Unjust!" If you vote for the dirty business you ought to go to hell as sure as you live, and I would like to fire the furnace while you are there.

Destroyer of Manhood

Some fellow says, "Drive the saloon out and the buildings will be empty." Which would you rather have, empty buildings, or empty jails, penitentiaries, and insane asylums? You drink the stuff and what have you to say? You that vote for it, and you that sell it? Look at them painted on the canvas of your recollection.

What is the matter with this grand old country of ours? I heard my friend, George Stuart, tell how he imagined that he walked up to a mill and said, "Hello, there, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A saw mill."

"And what do you make?"

"We make boards out of logs."

"Is the finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes."

"We will make laws for you. We must have lumber for houses."

He goes up to another mill and says, "Hey, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A grist mill."

"What do you make?"

"Flour and meal out of wheat and corn."

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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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"Is the finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes."

"Then come on. We will make laws for you. We will protect you."

He goes up to another mill and says, "What kind of a mill are you?"

"A paper mill."

"What do you make paper out of?"

"Straw and rags."

"Well, we will make laws for you. We must have paper on which to write notes and mortgages."

He goes up to another mill and says, "Hey, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A gin mill."

"I don't like the looks nor the smell of you. A gin mill; what do you make? What kind of a mill are you?"

"A gin mill."

"What is your raw material?"

"The boys of America."

The Saloon Is A Rattlesnake

The gin mills of this country must have 2,000,000 boys or shut up shop. Say, walk down your streets, count the homes, and every fifth home has to furnish a boy for a drunkard. Have you furnished yours? No. Then I have to furnish two to make up.

"What is your raw material?"

"American boys."

"Then I will pick the boys up and give them to you!"

A man says, "Hold on; not that boy; he is mine!"

Then I will say to you what a saloon-keeper said to me when I protested: "I am not interested in boys; to hell with your boys."

"Say, saloon, gin mill, what is your finished product?"

"Bleary-eyed, low-down, staggering men and the scum of God's dirt, that have gone to the mat and taken the count."

Go to the jails, go to the insane asylums and the penitentiaries, and the homes for feeble-minded. There you will find the finished product of your dirty business. I tell you it is the worst business this side of Hell, and you know it."

"What Could You Do?"

Listen! Here is an extract from the Saturday Evening Post, taken from a paper read by a brewer. You will say that a man didn't say it: "It appears from these facts that the success of our business lies in the creation of appetite among the boys. Men who have formed the habit scarcely ever reform, but they, like others, will die, and unless there are recruits made to take their places, our coffers will be empty, and I recommend to you that money spent in the creation of appetite will return in dollars to your tills after the habit is formed."

What is your raw material, saloons? American boys. Say, I would not give one boy for all the distilleries and saloons this side of Hell. And they have to have 2,000,000 boys every generation. And then you tell me you are a man, when you will vote for an institution like that. What do you want to do, pay taxes in money or in boys?

I feel like an old fellow in Tennessee who made his living by catching rattlesnakes. He caught one with fourteen rattles and put it in a box with a glass top. One day when he was sawing wood his little five-year-old boy, Jim, took the lid off and the rattler wriggled out and struck him in the cheek. He ran to his father and said, "The rattler has bit me." The father ran and chopped the rattler to pieces, and with his jack-knife he cut a chunk from the boy's cheek and then sucked and sucked at the wound to draw out the poison. He looked at little Jim, watched the pupils of his eyes dilate and watched him swell to three times his normal size, watched his lips become parched and cracked, and his eyes roll, and little Jim gasped and died.

The father took him in his arms, carried him over by the side of the rattler, got on his knees and said, "Oh, God, I would not give little Jim for all the rattlers that ever crawled over the Blue Ridge Mountains."

And I would not give one boy for all the money you get from the hell-soaked liquor business or from

every brewery and distillery this side of Hell.

Listen! In a northwest city a preacher sat at his breakfast table one Sunday morning. The doorbell rang, he answered it, and there stood a little boy twelve years of age. He was on crutches, right leg off at the knee, shivering, and he said, "Please sir, will you come up to the jail and talk and pray with papa? He murdered mamma. Papa was good and kind, but whiskey did it, and I have to support my three little sisters. I sell newspapers and black boots. Will you go up and talk and pray with papa? And will you come home and be with us when they bring him back? The Governor says we can have his body after they hang him."

The preacher hurried to the jail and talked and prayed with the man. He had no knowledge of what he had done. He said, "I don't blame the law, but it breaks my heart to think that my children must be left in a cold and heartless world. Oh, sir, whiskey, whiskey did it."

"Whiskey Did It"

The preacher was at the little hut when up drove the undertaker's wagon and they carried out the pine coffin. They led the little boy up to the coffin, he leaned over and kissed his father and sobbed, and he said to his sisters, "Come on, sisters, kiss papa's cheeks before they grow cold." And the little hungry, ragged, whiskey orphans hurried to the coffin, shrieking in agony. Police, whose hearts were adamant, buried their faces in their hands and rushed from the house, and the preacher fell on his knees and lifted his clenched fist and tear-stained face and took an oath before God, and before the whiskey orphans, that he would fight the cussed business until the undertaker carried him out in his coffin.

You men now have a chance to show your manhood. Then in the name of your pure mother, in the name of your manhood, in the name of your wife and the pure, innocent children that climb up in your lap and put their arms around your neck, in the name of all that is good and noble, fight the curse. Shall you men who hold in your hands the ballot, and in that ballot hold the destiny of womanhood and children and manhood, shall you, the sovereign power, refuse to rally in the name of defenseless men and women and native land? No!

For Womanhood's Sake

By the mercy of God, which has given to you the unshaken and unshakable confidence of her you love, I beseech you, make a fight for the women who wait tonight until the saloons spew out their husbands and their sons, and send them home maudlin, brutish, devilish, vomiting, stinking, bleary-eyed, bloated-faced drunkards.

If you knew that your boy with eyes so blue—

With manly tread and heart so true;

Should enter yonder bar-room bright

And stain his soul in one wild night,

What would you do then; what would you do?

If you knew that your girl with silken hair—

With winsome way and face so fair,

By felon drink at last were seen

To follow the steps of Magdalene,

What would you do then; what would you do?

If you knew that your wife through weary years,

Should drown her grief in bitter tears,

Because her boy of tender care

Was lured to death by liquor's snare;

What would you do then; what would you do?

But you know, somebody's boy must lie

In drunken stupor and must die;

Some girl go wrong in tender years—

Somebody's wife must sob in tears.

What will you do then, what will you do?

—By Alex Cairns

SAVED THROUGH "WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"

The following letter came March 8, and we believe readers of *The Sword of the Lord* will rejoice with us in this good news.

"March 7, 1941
Villa Park, Ill.

"Dear Evang. John R. Rice:

"For the past thirty-two years or so I thought that I was more or less a Christian, but for the last two years or so I knew more and more that I was not a Christian. Through God's grace and mercy I had acquaintance of real Christian people and through their help and prayer and your plan of salvation was I saved. Please accept my little contribution for helping others.

"I am only two days old since my salvation. I beg you to pray for me and my family to get strong, so that I may some day do for others what others have done and are doing for me.

"Thanking God and wishing you more success, I am,

"Yours,

(Signed) "J. H. B—"

Mr. B— also signed the decision slip from the back of the little booklet, "What Must I Do To Be Saved?" and sent it along with the letter. His full name was signed, but we did not ask his permission to print his letter, so withhold his name.

Help get this booklet in the hands of lost sinners. Printed in new, attractive form. About 50,000 copies sent out since last September. We will gladly give them away freely, to those who will agree to give them only to those who promise to read them, as the Lord provides the means. Those who wish to help with the printing may do so. They cost us about 1 cent each in quantities.

Marriage Saved By Baby's Shoes

Many years ago in Kansas in 1910 we saw a real touching incident. A little family trouble had broken up a home and they had a big sale and the auctioneer was busy with the sale and a little pair of baby shoes fell on the floor and the husband and wife both grabbed at them and one with one shoe and the other with one shoe and a little shoe string that tied the shoes together was broken and they looked at each other and the husband broke down and said, "I know I have done wrong, but for the sake of our baby I will do better and forgive and forget."

The wife and mother fell in the husband's arms and said, "I will too."

And the husband said, "Call off the sale, it is all off now."

I will never forget that scene and the effect it had on the crowd to my dying day. Most all married people can live together and make the grade if they will try hard enough. — By J. H. McQuiston.

Not After the Pattern

A short time ago a Salvation Army captain was preaching in Hyde Park (London) when a man in the crowd interrupted him.

"We haven't anything again' Jesus of Nazareth," said the interrupter, "but we have something again' you Christians because you ain't up to sample."

— Sunday School Chronicle.

LAST CALL

You may have your free copy of the new edition, large type, 4 x 6 inch booklet, "CAN A SAVED PERSON EVER BE LOST," by writing at once. This booklet sells at 10c a copy, fifteen copies for a dollar. But until May 1st, you may have a copy free by writing for it.

This offer closes definitely May 1st. If you want a free copy, you must mail your request before May 1st. After that date we must sell them to help pay printing costs.

A WORD FOR TRIED ONES

A blacksmith, about eight years after he had given his heart to God, was approached by an intelligent unbeliever with the question: "Why is it you have so much trouble? I have been watching you. Since you began to 'walk square' and seem to love everybody, you have had twice as many trials and accidents as you had before. I thought that when a man gave himself to God his troubles were over. Isn't that what the parsons tell us?"

With a thoughtful but glowing face, the blacksmith replied:

"Do you see this piece of iron? It is for the springs of a carriage. I have been 'tempering' it for some time. To do this I heat it red hot, and then plunge it into a tub of ice cold water. This I do many times. If I find it taking 'temper,' I heat and hammer it unmercifully. In getting the right piece of iron I found several that were too brittle. So I threw them in the scrap-heap. Those scraps are worth about a cent a pound; this carriage spring is very valuable."

He paused, and his listener nodded. The blacksmith continued:

"God saves us for something more than to have a good time. He wants us for service just as I want this piece of iron. And he has put the 'temper' of Christ in us by testing us with trial. Ever since I saw this I have been saying to him, 'Test me in any way you choose, Lord, only don't throw me in the scrap-heap.'"

— Gospel Light.

Hiding the Word In the Heart

"For more than four years," reports the Religious Digest, "not one prisoner in the Ohio penitentiary has been able to quote the Lord's Prayer or the Ten Commandments." What a comment that is on Psalms 119:11, "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee."

THE SECRET

I met God in the morning
When my day was at its best,
And His presence came like sunrise
With a Glory in my breast.

All day long His presence lingered
All day long He stayed with me
And we sailed in perfect calmness
O'er a very troubled sea.

Other ships were blown and battered,
Other ships were sore distressed
But the winds that seemed to drive them
Brought to us both peace and rest.

Then I thought of other mornings
With a keen remorse of mind
When I too had loosed the moorings
With the Presence left behind.

So, I think I know the secret
Learned from many a troubled way
You must seek Him in the morning
If you want Him through the day.

— Baptist and Commoner

Are you groping for a blessing,
Never getting there?
Listen to a word in season,
Get somewhere.

Are you struggling for salvation
By your anxious prayer?
Stop your struggling, simply trust,
and—
Get somewhere.

Does the answer seem to linger
To your earnest prayer?
Turn your praying into praise,
and—
Get somewhere.

You will never know His fullness
Till you boldly dare
To commit your all to Him, and—
Get somewhere.

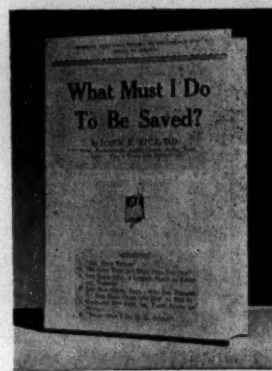
— Song of the Spirit.

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Meditations After Easter

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

doves or young pigeons! Let not the hot blood spurt from a dying beast and be sprinkled around the altar on earth! For already in Heaven the blood of the perfect Lamb of God has been sprinkled and it is the end of sacrifices!

4. It is the end of sorrow for the disciples. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, That ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice: and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come; but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world. And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you" (John 16:20-22). Jesus died. The blackest despair that ever descended on human hearts overcame the disciples. Their hope was blighted and gone. They gave up their ministry. They had played the fool, they felt. They were the scorn of the multitude! Of all the miserable failures the world had ever seen, they seemed the worst! Their hearts were torn with bereaved love, and they were shamed by failure and disappointment. Their air-castles faded, their hopes crumbled. Jesus was dead! The Saviour after all was not a Saviour, but only a poor misguided man. Such must have been their thoughts. But now when Jesus rose from the dead their sorrow was turned to joy! Appearing in the upper room with the disciples, He showed them His hands and His side, and said, "Peace be unto you." And we are told, "Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord" (John 20:20). The resurrection of Jesus is the end of sorrows.

II. "For the Angel of the Lord Descended From Heaven, and Came and Rolled Back the Stone From the Door, and Sat Upon it."

—Matthew 28:2

The angel rolled back the stone from the door of the sepulchre. It was the same stone about which the poor, grieving women said, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door?" (Mark 16:3). They wanted to embalm the dead body of the Saviour. They wanted to wrap spices about the dead body of the Saviour. They wanted to delay the stink of putrefaction, the maggots of corruption that they thought would destroy the beloved body. But they dreaded the stone over the door! That stone represented death which had seemingly conquered the Saviour. It represented the might of the Roman Empire which had killed Him. It represented the hate of the Jewish leaders who had delivered Him to death and who had laughed Him to scorn while He died. The stone represented the betrayal of Judas and the mockings of the multitude. "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door?" Oh, the torment of death unconquered, of a world full of tribulation, of a death full of fear, of an eternity without hope!

But the angel rolled away the stone from the door. The grave is open. And he not only rolled away the stone from the door, but he SAT UPON IT! What a glorious, triumphant word it is! It was easy for the angel to roll back the stone. And then in triumph he sat upon it. That stone is down. It will never any more cover the grave of the Saviour. Death has been whipped and whipped for good for any child of God! I can look into an open grave and remember that an angel opened up

Following Dad

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

your boy." He said, "In what way? To what end?" Then I said, "I am preaching for a few days in your city." "Oh," he said, "I see. I have noticed something of it in the daily papers." I said, "Your boy has been hearing me, Doctor, for several nights, and your boy seemed deeply serious for three or four nights, and indicated his seriousness, and then he deliberately put such matter away. His deliberate purpose was written in his very face and voiced in his conduct, and I sought him out last night and had a word with him. He was exceedingly reticent, and he was grandly loyal to you, but when I asked him why he had deliberately determined to turn away from the call of Christ and the Christian religion he made answer that you, his father, were his model, his beau ideal, his pattern, and he had decided to follow you, and not follow me, nor follow anybody else. I have come just to tell you that, and to ask if you do not have too much involved to let the matter stand like it is?" His face was colorless almost in a moment, and then he walked the room under terrific

pressure for another moment, and then he turned to me and said, "That is the heaviest blow, sir, I ever received." And then I said to him, "Doctor, what do you think you ought to say about it?" He waited a moment, and said, "When is your next service?" I said, "At ten o'clock, this morning." He said, "I cannot go at ten, because of an engagement for a needed operation at the hospital. When is your next service?" "This evening, at eight o'clock." Then he looked at me with strength of purpose, and said, "I will be in your service tonight, and I will give this matter immediate attention. I think I know what to do, sir. I will see you tonight." I bade him good-morning without another word. I had said all I ought to have said, it seemed, on that first visit. The day wore to nightfall, and I stood up to preach, and my eyes searched the press of people everywhere. Is that father present? Yonder he is. He is just coming in now, and the usher is giving him a chair, far to the rear. That evening I preached to one man. Oh, if we can get him, we are likely to get his fine boy, and we may get many because of the two! When I had finished my sermon, I simply raised this question: "Is the man here who, on high principle, for his own sake first, and then for the sake of somebody sheltering behind him, will now and here take his step Christward, and give his heart's surrender to the call of Christ? Is he here? Let him come down the aisle and take my hand in token of such surrender to Christ." And the father was on his feet, and down the aisle he came, and there went through the audience something like an electric thrill, for everybody there seemed to know him and profoundly respect him. Now he had reached me here at the front, and he took my hand, and the first word he said was, "My boy got me. What you told me about my boy this morning got me." And then he went on and said, "When you left me, I shut the door, and locked it, and I knelt down in my room and I tried to pray, as I have not done in years, and I said, 'Oh, God, forgive me, for not only am I staying out of the kingdom of God myself, but I am keeping my own boy out. Has it come to that? Forgive me, and not another hour will I wait to make my surrender, to turn my case over to Christ, the Great Physician, that He may forgive me and save me His own way.'" I said to him, "Look, doctor, behind you!" And there standing behind him, following him down the long aisle, was that handsome boy, and the boy put his arm around his father's neck, as a little child fondles its mother, and, sobbing, said, "Oh, papa, I am glad you came, and I have come, too. I wanted to come, and I waited for you."

the grave and rolled back the stone and sat down on it.

Even today in Heaven the dear Saviour is seated and I laugh in my heart as I think of the angel who sat down upon the stone, and opened up the grave and hope of Heaven and the vast vista of a happy eternity with God for every Christian. Death has lost its sting and the grave its power and sorrow its torture for the child of God who looks into the open grave which his been conquered.

III. "Come, See the Place Where the Lord Lay. And Go Quickly, and Tell His Disciples That He Is Risen From the Dead."

—Matthew 28:6, 7

What blessed words of the angel who sat on the stone at the door of the grave whence Jesus had come forth! We are to tell people that Christ is risen, and we are to rejoice in His resurrection; but first, let us "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

The resurrection really has no meaning except to those who know that Jesus died. All this silly business of bunny rabbits and Easter eggs and lilies never blessed anybody. The odor of Easter lilies and Easter greeting cards and new bonnets — these never brought comfort to a troubled soul. There is no real meaning in Easter at all except that the Lord Jesus died and paid for the sins of all mankind and therefore my sins can be forgiven, yea, since I trusted Jesus they are forgiven! The crucifixion is the background of the resurrection. To preach resurrection without blood atonement is folly. It is a horse's tail with no head, it is victory with no battle, it is rejoicing with nothing to rejoice about.

And so with the individual Christian. We ought to go to win souls; yes — we must tell people about our Saviour, but first we must enter into the agony of the cross. Yes, we must even reckon ourselves indeed to be dead to sin. We must, like Paul, feel that: "I fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake" (Col. 1:24). Only as we enter into His compassion, suffering with Him, denying self as He did, can we go out to win souls. First, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay," and then we can "Go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead." One has no real message who has not been to the place of Christ's crucifixion and entered into His death.

IV. "My Lord and My God."

"My Lord and my God!" Let that be the cry of every heart as he faces the overwhelming evidences of the resurrection of Christ and as he enters into some appreciation of what was purchased for us on the cross and made sure by His resurrection!

Have you had doubts and troubles? So have I! Doubting Thomas who could not believe what He wanted to believe, but rather insisted that he must know, that he must feel with his own hands the risen Saviour before he would believe, is a blessed example for many of us. We can know.

pressure for another moment, and then he turned to me and said, "That is the heaviest blow, sir, I ever received." And then I said to him, "Doctor, what do you think you ought to say about it?" He waited a moment, and said, "When is your next service?" I said, "At ten o'clock, this morning." He said, "I cannot go at ten, because of an engagement for a needed operation at the hospital. When is your next service?" "This evening, at eight o'clock." Then he looked at me with strength of purpose, and said, "I will be in your service tonight, and I will give this matter immediate attention. I think I know what to do, sir. I will see you tonight." I bade him good-morning without another word. I had said all I ought to have said, it seemed, on that first visit. The day wore to nightfall, and I stood up to preach, and my eyes searched the press of people everywhere. Is that father present? Yonder he is. He is just coming in now, and the usher is giving him a chair, far to the rear. That evening I preached to one man. Oh, if we can get him, we are likely to get his fine boy, and we may get many because of the two! When I had finished my sermon, I simply raised this question: "Is the man here who, on high principle, for his own sake first, and then for the sake of somebody sheltering behind him, will now and here take his step Christward, and give his heart's surrender to the call of Christ? Is he here? Let him come down the aisle and take my hand in token of such surrender to Christ." And the father was on his feet, and down the aisle he came, and there went through the audience something like an electric thrill, for everybody there seemed to know him and profoundly respect him. Now he had reached me here at the front, and he took my hand, and the first word he said was, "My boy got me. What you told me about my boy this morning got me." And then he went on and said, "When you left me, I shut the door, and locked it, and I knelt down in my room and I tried to pray, as I have not done in years, and I said, 'Oh, God, forgive me, for not only am I staying out of the kingdom of God myself, but I am keeping my own boy out. Has it come to that? Forgive me, and not another hour will I wait to make my surrender, to turn my case over to Christ, the Great Physician, that He may forgive me and save me His own way.'" I said to him, "Look, doctor, behind you!" And there standing behind him, following him down the long aisle, was that handsome boy, and the boy put his arm around his father's neck, as a little child fondles its mother, and, sobbing, said, "Oh, papa, I am glad you came, and I have come, too. I wanted to come, and I waited for you."

What if that father had not come? God save the mark! I know fathers who have not come, and the boys have not come, either, and now and then I know a mother — oh, can it be? A mother! Sweetest name of all, next to the name of Jesus! A mother! A mother! — now and then I know a mother who does not come, and her best friend, Jesus, is set aside. By the power of her influence, however silent, she says to the children of her own being: "This great matter of personal religion is not great at all!"

Oh, influence, how many thou art destroying! How many thou art turning away from God! If I am speaking tonight to parents, father or mother, who are not Christians; if I speak tonight to citizens, whoever they may be, not Christians; if I speak tonight to young men or middle-aged, or to one with the gray about his temples, not Christians, oh, my friends, my friends, I send my voice out after you, do not misuse your influence, and cause it to hurt with eternal hurt the lives of people around you!

The subject, "Further Proof That Christians Sin," sure has given me light. I have been trying to live a sinless life (sanctified) and have been so miserable I have been about ready to quit. I have found out that one cannot live a sinless life.

C. L. S.
Huntington, West Va.

A CORRECTION

Week before last *The Sword of the Lord* said twelve thousand people wrote for the sermon, "God's Challenge to the Nation" by Rev. T. Myron Webb. That was a typographical error. It should have been twelve hundred. Twelve hundred people wrote to the "Back to the Bible Broadcast," at Grand Island, Nebraska, after they had heard this sermon on the air and asked for a copy.

"The Octopus"

The book, *The Octopus*, by Rev. Frank Woodruff Johnson, was sent to us for review. A friend writes asking for an opinion about it.

The book is hurtful, misleading, un-Christian and un-American in its influence, in my opinion.

It is especially intended to arouse people against the Jews.

Jews have "The Anti-Defamation League" to counteract the poison propaganda of Hitler, and of Jew-haters in America.

In this Jews are only doing what Democrats do for Democrats, what Republicans do for Republicans, what Protestants do for Protestants, what Catholics do for Catholics, what Negroes do for the Negroes, what labor unions do for labor unions, and what the Townsend Club members do for the Townsend Plan. That is, they are defending themselves and bringing legitimate pressure to bear to see that haters of Jews, whenever possible, are not supported by Jewish money. They want to keep poison propagandists who would lead to Jewish persecution off of American radios. They want to stop Jews from advertising in any papers that arouse hate against Jews. In this they are perfectly within their rights, and any other group in America would feel perfectly free to do the same. And in fact the best Christians in America feel as they do, that they ought not to elect any public official who is in favor of persecuting the Jews as Hitler and Mussolini did. We ought not to support any minister on the radio who carries out a continual tirade against Jews. And we ought not to support financially newspapers which have a policy of arousing hate against Jews.

It is true that most Jews are not Christians, and that non-Christian Jews favor many things that true Christians do not favor. But the same thing is true about non-Christian Catholics. Many Catholics are unconverted. The same thing is true about non-Christian Protestants. Many Protestants have never been born again. An unconverted Gentile is as wicked as an unconverted Jew, and as great a danger to America. And yet it is foolish to arouse hate against any group of people.

It is true that there are some Communists among Jews. There are also many among Gentiles. We should be against Communism. But we certainly are in more danger from Hitlerism. And Christians who arouse hate and carry on a political propaganda against Jews probably do more harm than the Jews do.

So we do not recommend the book, *The Octopus*, and we hope that Christians will not read it or be influenced by it. We think it will do great harm and that it does not represent true Americanism nor true Christianity.

I am glad that in America Rev. Frank Woodruff Johnson can print his book, *The Octopus*. I am glad that Jews can defend themselves. But I hope that Christians will be earnestly careful that we do not use our liberty as license to arouse hate against any group of people because of their race.

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Blessings Received

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

fort to me and I pass it on to others. May the Lord bless you.

Yours in Christ,
Mrs. R. L.
164 North Mozart St.
Chicago, Illinois.

I certainly have been more than rewarded for sending those trial subs to my friends. From the enthusiasm you should have a good number of renewals out of that fifteen. It was such a small task on my part, but, oh, the joy and blessings they have brought into the homes. It seems that each week the sermons are the best possible but the next week brings still better ones. How we do thank God for you and your ministry through *The Sword of the Lord*.

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